Putting the Clock Back—also in Spain. ONE PENNY

Workers' Dreadnought

FOR CO-OPERATION IN PRODUCTION AND SOCIAL SERVICE.

Vol. X. No. 27. **September 22, 1923.** **WEEKLY.**

The Climbers

Slowly we climb, for the mountain
Is steep, and the trail is yet faint
Of the climbers who toiled up before us,
Urged on by the Spirit's constraint.
Not without hope do we labour,
But conscious of deep-stirring powers
Which leap to embrace the adventure;
The Soul of the Future is ours.
And a cry from the deep comes to us,
And a voice calls down from the height,
"Up from the Valley of Darkness!"
"On to the Meadows of Light!"

High, and still higher ascending,
With upwelling fervour endued,
We have sight of a glory undreamed-of
By the visionless multitude;
(Exiles are they, and in bondage;—
Children of Wrath, says the priest;—
For some are espoused to their blindness
And so to the yoke of the Beast.
The same, in due season, shall perish;
But others, abhorring their plight,
May flee from the Lowlands of Shadow
With us to the Uplands of Light.)

Even so, from the valley, toward us
Bolts drive, which are cunningly aimed,
All pointed and barbed with derision
From quivers of Learning, so-named;
For the Beast has its sapient wizards
In cottage, in manse, and in hall,
Who practise its base incantations,
And counsel Contentment in Thrall,
Saying, "Heed not those dreamers who, dreaming,
Are blind: seers they without sight!
Better life in the populous valley
Than death on the desolate height!"

O'er the menacing scarp we triumph,
And the wildly-gaping crevasse;
From Knowledge to Understanding,
And onward to Wisdom, we pass:
So the dupes of the Beast have our pity;
But the dupes of the dupes have more,
Who are poor in despite of all labour,
Yet must still labour on, being poor!
Will ever the dull ears be opened?
The dim eyes ever have sight?
And those weary feet in the valley
Find the path that leads up to the Light?

Though far from the mountain-summit,
We survey the broad Empires of Earth
And the pent human spirit travailing
To ultimate fulness of birth;
And, seeing the world, as we see it,
And, knowing all men, as we know,
We are calm in the midst of commotion,
Steadfast when hurricanes blow.
The fierce lightnings can never appal us,
Nor the furious thunders affright,
As we quit the ravines and abysses
For the ample Dominions of Light.

WILLIAM L. FALCONER.

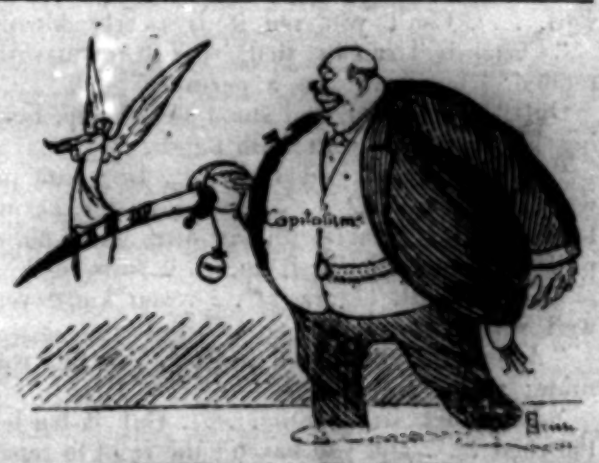
Hopeful Mexico: A Land of Social Regeneration

By PRINCE HOPKINS.

[*The view taken of General Obregon by Mr. Prince Hopkins is new to us; it is certainly an optimistic one.—Editor,* WORKERS' DREADNOUGHT.]

Here, under the shadow of London's grimy buildings, that seem to say "massive like us, cold like us, and as scornful of all real progress," human nature seems changeless. Here, where the dismal reports reach us of the collapse of guilds, the dwindling membership of unions, the oppression in the Ruhr, and the swash-buckling triumphs of Mussolini, my mind goes back to a land I have just left, a land full of hope.

I see again the bright plains of Mexico, unenclosed except for the rampart of mountains



THEY CALL IT PEACE!

towards which they gently slope, and unobstructed save for the cacti that everywhere raise their weird forms. Roberto, Esperanza and I are on a little train, speeding from Mexico City out to ancient temples and pyramids, monuments of a vanished civilisation. At every station, peasants, in picturesque hats and blankets, come to sell us wonderful tropical fruits, a handful for a penny. These people are still poor, but they have found new freedom, and they laugh. As our train pulls on again, Esperanza sings a plaintive Spanish love-song, full of the spirit of youth.

It's a strange contrast—these pyramids looking down upon a people who are the first in the new world to try a Labour Government!

Ancient Native Guilds and Communism in Land.

Once this valley of Teotihuacan supported eight times the population which now lives there precariously. The people built these religious edifices under the direction of a native priesthood which must have been a burden on them; which indulged in human sacrifice, and which consecrated nationalist war and private privilege as all priests do. Nevertheless, the people seemed to have enjoyed prosperity and high culture under their indigenous priests and rulers. They are said to have constructed these buildings under free labour by a sort of guild system, and to have held their lands communally.

Spanish Conquerors.

Then came Cortez, burning and butchering in the name of Spain and Holy Church. The natives covered their temples with earth until they looked like natural mounds, and so saved them; but their populous cities, ornate with strange architecture and libraries full of records of the past, were sacked and then razed to the ground. Spanish officials came to misrule the bodies of the unhappy race, and brought Christian priests who rendered rebellion impossible by enslaving both their bodies and their minds. The Indiana were conscripted, flogged, and tortured to toil on converts and churches, and saw the cruel rites of the old pagan priests outdone many fold by fiendish inquisitors.

New "Liberators" Divide Communal Lands.

The revolt which brought Mexico political independence from Spain, was no boon to the masses. The Spanish Crown had sometimes studied their welfare, even if its officials misapplied benevolent laws. But the new "liberators" were imbued with the dogmas of Capitalism, which they applied by dividing up the communal lands.

Diaz.

When Diaz first came into power, he came as a Liberal, as well as a very able, young hero. He began to establish schools, and to upbuild the country. But, with his youth, his social enthusiasm waned. He thought now only of consolidating his power. He listened to the big concession-hunters, and robbed his people of their lands and rights, to bargain them for friendly newspaper publicity in the United States, and other favours from Privilege.

The lot of the poor grew continually worse. The masses were now mere peons, serfs, toiling on the estates of great landed proprietors. They became more and more shiftless, hopeless, seeking escape by the drinking of pulque. Graft corrupted the whole fabric of the State, till it was ready to fall like bad fruit.

Madero.

But the new revolution which ousted Diaz, brought in the incapable idealist Madero, and then a succession of adventurers, mostly brigands, under whom Mexico sank into turbulent chaos.

Obregon.

At last came a hero to the fore, in Obregon. Taking up arms reluctantly, he became a chief fighting only for the right, and always victoriously. Some time after defeating the last brigand and restoring law throughout the land, he was constitutionally elected President. For the first time since Diaz, Mexico has enjoyed several years of order.

Obregon and the Organised Working Class.

When Obregon came into power, his policy was a somewhat vague one, beyond that he wished to represent the entire Mexican people without distinction of class. But soon he found that in

A FACTORY.

IF LABOUR TOOK A REST.

TIGHT BINDING.

all measures aimed at eliminating the sources of corruption, it was not the whole people, but only the organised working class, which supported him. Thus, by the logic of events, he was drawn closer to them, until at last he has embraced their policy absolutely.

Redeeming the Land.

First among his progressive measures has been that of redeeming for the peasantry their farms, of which often they were deprived by guile. The idea is, of course, to give these back in the old form of communal holdings. But for so long have the peasants been expropriated, that it is often necessary to re-teach them their ancient arts.

Whenever convincing evidence of fraud in the obtaining of lands is obtainable, the land is simply taken away from the fraudulent possessor and parcelled out, generally among soldiers who are being demobilised. But the law allows no man to keep land out of cultivation, and all mineral wealth has been declared the property of the State—private ownership ceases at the surface.

Next, has been the policy of the Government, in all industrial disputes, to see that the weaker side, namely Labour, had justice. This stand is just the opposite of that of all other Governments save Russia, which all assume that Capitalism is an eternal institution and deserves support.

The United States Menace.

But reforms in Mexico have to be put through in the face of grave obstacles. Not merely must reactionaries within the State be faced down, but the great capitalistic northern neighbour, the United States, frowns like a cloud of perpetual imperialistic menace on the horizon of every Latin-American State. This menace must be tactfully met—a thing which requires tact, not only from the official representatives of the Government, but from every local officer who may be called on to federalise and parcel out among disinherited claimants the unused land of a vast estate which is now held by an American.

And, unfortunately, the natives are sometimes as greedy to get back the land as the foreign concessionaires are to retain it, and may make occasional *ex post facto* application of the law nationalising unused land and mineral wealth. Such, at least, is the complaint of injured Americans, who claim to have brought concessions with good money and who rush to Washington with their pleas that Mexico be not "recognised." And there are many corrupt officials from whom Obregon has been unable to shake loose; and there remain other vestiges of the revolutionary war or of the old-time slavery, such as indolence and slackness.

Fighting the Church and Building Schools.

Nevertheless, the fight is on against these things. Most hopeful of all are the measures being taken to fight the Church and to build schools.

The Church has, throughout Mexican history, taught the people to submit to tyranny, and has opposed progress and education. Only a short time ago, Obregon had to expel from the country the intriguing bishop who was at its head. But in the vast province of Yucatan, the churches to-day are deserted; and their power over the rest of Mexico seems to be definitely broken.

Instead, schools are being developed everywhere. Their basis is most enlightened. In this valley of Teotihuacan, where the pyramids are, a Government survey was made by the department of Anthropology. It is an interesting document, detailing the history and peculiarities of the region and of its inhabitants, and ending with recommendations regarding the rehabilitation of their industries. Upon these recommendations, the present local school has been based.

Another work of the education department, as administered by its present chief, Vasconcelos, is the close co-operation with trade unions. A union writes that it wishes to open a school under supervision of its members; immediately the Government supplies materials such as books, and a teacher.

The Painters' and Decorators' Guild.

Schools and colleges and other public buildings in Mexico City are being decorated by the Painters' and Decorators' Guild, with panels in striking futuristic style. So, also, the coloured windows of the new Hall of Free Discussion, erected as a place in which anyone at any time may voice any opinion. As I stood in it I contrasted a scene in Los Angeles harbour a few weeks previously, when Upton Sinclair and I had been jailed for reading the American Constitution!

I recounted this adventure to Obregon, who replied: "We welcome men of every opinion here, hoping that out of the conflict of views new truth may come!"

A Land of Hope.

So do you wonder that when bad news comes, and the situation in my own country or here in Europe seems almost desperate, I still say to myself: "Over the seas there is a land full of hope. The air is like wine on her high plateau, where the climate is perpetual springtime. And, above all, these smiling unenclosed plains know liberty, so that one who wishes to expand, and to do new things, is not under a cloud of suspicion, but feels that the very Government itself is with him!"

Ad-mi-nis-tra-tion

By OCTAVE MIRBEAU.

(*Translated from the French by* Ludovic Rodo.)

Old Father Rivoli has a wall. This wall borders a road and is very much dilapidated. The rain and the pick of the road-mender have undermined the base; the stones are loosened and fall apart; some holes are appearing. It is, however, a pretty wall with its aspect of old ruin. Some iris crown its top; linarias, capillaries and house leeks grow in the cracks, and frail poppies, too, sun themselves, growing from the interstices of the stones. But old Rivoli is not sensitive to the poetry of his wall, and, after having examined it at length and shaken the stones, like teeth in the jaw of a poor man, he decided at last to repair it.

. . . . . .

"Well! Old Rivoli, what are you doing there?" asked the Road Surveyor on his morning round. He was carrying on his back a game-bag filled to overflowing with geometrical instruments, and under his arm, two levellers, painted in white and red.

"Ah, ah!" he said again, after having ensconced himself on the bank, like a terrible statue of the Administrative Regulations. "Ah, ah! Breaking the law! at your age! Come now, what are you doing?"

Old Rivoli turned round: "I am mending my wall. . . . Can't you see it is nearly down?"

"Certainly I can see that," the Road Surveyor replied, "but have you a permit?"

Old Rivoli started, and stood straight up, holding his stiff back with both hands.

"A permit, did you say? . . . Does not my wall belong to me? . . . Must I have a permit to do what I please with my own wall; either pull it down or build it up, if it suits me?"

"Don't boast, old rascal . . . you know very well what I mean."

"After all," old Rivoli insisted, "Is this wall mine; yes or no?"

"No doubt it is yours. . . . But it borders the road . . . and you haven't the right to repair a wall belonging to you that borders a road."

"But you see quite well it doesn't stand up, and if I don't mend it 'tis going to fall down like a dead body."

"Quite so, but that is not my business. . . . I summons you . . . firstly, for having repaired your wall without a permit; secondly, for having deposited materials, likewise without permission, on a public way. That will cost you something like a fine of fifty crowns. There you are [ha, ha!] my old Rivoli, that will teach you to play the innocent!"

Old Rivoli opened a wide toothless mouth, black like an oven. . . . But his stupefaction was such that he could not articulate a single word. His eyes revolved in their sockets like tiny tops. After a minute he moaned, grasping his cap with a gesture of profound despondency:

"Fifty crowns! . . . My God, is it possible?"

The Road Surveyor continued:

"That is not all. . . . You will have to repair your wall."

"No never! I will not repair it . . . 'tis not worth fifty crowns. What is to happen will happen!'

"You will have to repair your wall," the official went on, in an imperative tone, "because it threatens to fall down, and this will damage the road. . . . And remember this, too . . . if your wall falls down I should have to make a new summons, and this time it will cost you a hundred écus."

Old Rivoli became frightened.

"A hundred écus. . . . Oh dear; what a life!"

"In the first place, listen to me well. . . . You will write to the Prefect on stamped paper asking him for a permit."

. . . . . .

Every week the Road Surveyor stops in front of old Rivoli's cottage.

"Well! . . . What about this authorisation?"

"Nothing has come yet."

"You must send a letter to remind them."

The reminders go to join the first request on stamped paper, and lie buried under the undisturbed dust of the office. Every day, old Rivoli goes out on to the road, watching for the postman; never does the postman stop at his door. The cracks in the wall increase; the loose stones roll down on the bank; the mortar crumbles and breaks away more and more, for meanwhile a hard frost has set in; the wounds enlarge, gnawing off with their leprosy this poor half-collapsed wall. During a very windy night the wall gave way completely. At day-break old Rivoli discovered the disaster. In its fall, the wall had drawn away the fence of the orchard which produced such beautiful fruit in the autumn. Nothing remained now to protect the poor man's dwelling. The marauders and the vagabonds can enter at any time, run after the fowls, steal the eggs . . . and the terrible Road Surveyor has come.

"Ah! . . . you see, what I told you . . . It is down! Of course! Well, I will summons you."

. . . . . .

Then one night, old Rivoli leaves his chair and the fireless hearth, goes down to the cellar, silent, without a light. . . . Groping for a big rope among the empty cider-barrels, the working tools and the baskets—a rope with which he used to roll down his barrels. . . . Then he goes up again to his orchard.

In the middle of the enclosure is a big walnut tree, which spreads its strong and knotty branches above the grass towards the sky, pearled by the moon's first beams. He ties the rope to one of the highest branches, for he has climbed up the tree from fork to fork, then he knots the cord round his neck, and lets himself fall, like a block into space. The sliding rope creaks on the branch, the branch makes a slight cracking. . . .

. . . . . .

On the following day the postman brought the permit from the Prefect. He saw, in the orchard, the hanging man who was swinging at the end of the rope, amid the branches of the tree, where two birds were loudly singing.

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Lessons for Young Proletarians

THE LATE STONE AGE.—II.

The people of the Late Stone Age built wooden houses with their stone tools. Notice that the periods of human development are named from that of which their tools were made. Notice too that people are tool-using animals.

The most plentiful remains of the wooden houses of Late Stone Age people have been found on the beds of the Swiss lakes. The Late Stone Age people of Switzerland were lake-dwellers. That is to say they built houses on platforms supported over the water by piles driven into the bed of the lake, and connected with the shore by bridges. Long lines of lake villages fringed the shores of the lakes.

The lake-dwellers felled trees with their stone axes and cut the trees up into piles twenty feet long, sharpened at the lower end. These piles they drove eight or ten feet deep into the bed of the lake. The bridges and platforms to support the houses were laid on the piles. At Wangen in Switzerland no fewer than 50,000 piles were driven into the bottom of the lake.

In 1854 the Swiss Lakes fell to an unusually low level, and it was thus that the piles and other remains of the ancient villages were discovered. Quantities of wooden, stone and pottery utensils, pitchers, bowls, dishes, jars and spoons, wooden furniture, fishing nets, woven flax, wooden and stone tools were found, as well as dug-outs (boats made of tree trunks with the centre scouped out). It was also discovered that there had been two periods of lake-dwellers, for, in some places, there were found in lower layers remains which had been dropped into the lake by people who had used only stone tools and in upper layers bronze tools also, denoting a later period, in which the use of bronze had been discovered.

Amongst the collection was the spinning "whorl," a round piece of baked clay, to the middle of which a rough thread of flax, eighteen to twenty inches long, was attached. The whorl was suspended by the flax and made to spin in the air like a top, thus rapidly twisting the thread from which it hung. When sufficiently twisted the thread was wound up and another thread attached. One of these spinning whorls was found in a Swiss lake with a spool of flaxen thread still attached.

Some of the tools found have deer horn handles.

These lake-dwellers were already agriculturalists. More than a hundred bushels of grain were found by excavators on the lake bottom under the vanished lake-village of Wangen. These showed that the people were already planting barley, wheat and millet. Oats and rye were still apparently unknown, but flax was evidently in use because flax thread was found. The women, who were the cultivators in primitive times, and who (as we shall show in some later lessons), are also the cultivators amongst existing primitive peoples, were planting their little fields on the borders of the lake up the neighbouring mountain sides.

Many thousands of years before they took to cultivation they had learnt to gather the seeds of wild grasses, to crush them between stones and make them into rude cakes. Gradually they had learnt that the seeds of wild grasses might be gathered for planting elsewhere and cultivated to produce larger crops—so they became agriculturists.

Gradually the cultivation of a given field gave a family the right to possess it, and so, in time, grew up private property in land and other things.

The wild ox was by this time domesticated. Gradually the hoe, with which the women had prepared the soil for the seed, was adapted, so that the ox might draw it. Then it became a plough. Agriculture amongst the North American Indians is still carried on by the women with the hoe, the ox-drawn plough being unknown to them until settlers from the Western world introduced it.

When the ox and plough were introduced men began to assist women in agriculture, instead of devoting themselves exclusively to hunting and fishing. Cereals now took a larger place in the diet of the human race, both because agriculture had made this possible and also perhaps because the birds and animals preyed on by man were becoming less plentiful and more adapted to elude him.

Thus humanity was gradually becoming civilised and the women were leading the way in the civilising arts of cultivation and manufacture. This, too, we shall show in future lessons.

The cultivation of the fields assisted in the growth of settled communities.

The domestication of grass-eating animals created a new industry, and also a second class of people, who roved about with their flocks to pasture them on the uncultivated grasslands. Such shepherd peoples are called nomads; they still exist.

Towards the close of the Late Stone Age great tombs of enormous blocks of stone began to be erected for the bodies of dead chiefs. Such tombs have been found in the west of Europe from Spain to the southern shores of Scandinavia, and in the British Isles. On the Danish island of Seeland no fewer than 3,400 such tombs have been found.

The existence of these great monuments show that people were beginning to work together on a large scale, and near to them have been excavated traces of early towns. Enough has been found to show that these towns were surrounded by walls of earth and a ditch on the outside.

People were now quarrying stone from the earth. Some of the stone blocks erected in the Late Stone Age weighed hundreds of tons. It was a great work to transport and erect them.

These blocks were left rough as they came from the hillside or were quarried out of the earth. They were not smoothed or fastened together with mortar. Some of these great stones were piled together to form a sepulchre. Some formed circles or avenues of uprights. At Carnac, in Brittany, nearly three thousand tall stones had been arranged to form avenues nearly 2½ miles long. It is thought the ground was thus laid out for races or processions at the festivals of the Late Stone Age communities.

The greatest of these Stone Age monuments is that at Stonehenge. Its circle of enormous stones is 100 feet across, and a long avenue is traceable connecting it with a neighbouring Late Stone Age town. Many legends and speculations have been built around the Stonehenge great stones: some have said that they were brought from Ireland. Photographs recently taken from an aeroplane have revealed tracks which indicate that the stones were brought overland from the Severn river.

Such rough stone blocks and wooden houses were the highest development of architecture in North-Western Europe till the coming of the Romans who, developing earlier, had passed far beyond the Stone Age period.

By this time the horse had appeared as a domestic animal. It was used both to ride on and for drawing vehicles. It was specially prized in war because of its swiftness, and drew the battle chariots.

For thousands of years men had hunted the wild horse to eat his flesh before they learnt to tame it. It is believed that the horse was first domesticated in the Orient, and it is said that the practice of domesticating horses, as of cultivating corn, was received by the northern and western peoples from the Orient, yet it is probable that the knowledge was independently acquired in many parts of the world. The peoples who tamed the horse for battle had an advantage over their adversaries who had not done so, which accounted for many conquests.

In the Late Stone Age men had ceased to leave all industry to women. Moreover, industry was becoming specialised. Men were beginning to adopt trades, to be wood workers, potters and so on. Mining under the earth was already carried on. In the ancient flint mines of Brandon more than eighty deer-horn picks were discovered. In one place where a fall in the rock had cut off one of the galleries a coating of chalk dust on the picks actually showed the marks of the miners' fingers. In a flint mine in Belgium the skeleton of a miner, crushed by a fall of rock, was found, with his deer-horn pick lying between his hands.

Trade was already carried on between distant communities. Amber from the shores of the Baltic passed from hand to hand southward. A fine French flint, recognisable by its colour, was carried to many countries, where it has since been found. There was still no money; goods were bartered for goods. There was no writing, or at least no trace of it has been discovered. There was much warfare; skeletons of the period show flint arrow heads embedded in skulls and vertebræ. The huge skeleton of a man, found in a Scottish cairn, has one arm bone almost severed and a fragment of a stone axe embedded in it. At about 3,000 B.C. the people of north-western Stone Age Europe were still without sailing ships, using only wooden dugouts. They were still without the knowledge of using metal, which was introduced into southern Eastern Europe about 3,000 B.C. and was slowly spreading northward: It reached Britain about 2,000 B.C.

I Sing of Revolt

I sing of revolt.
I sing of the south wind that stirs the trees,
That stirs the trees, but brings no cooling airs.
In the city streets only a warm wind passes over us.

I sing of the burning sun, the sun that scorches;
Yet of the children that play in the heat of the sunshine,
The young kids that leap on the mountains,
And the delicate poppy up-born on its slender stem.

O sun that cometh as healer and cleanser,
Sun the fire bringer,
So hot that thou couldst set fire to the standing corn,
And yet dost not;
I sing of thee and thy heat waves,
Thy heat waves that stir men's hearts to revolt,
Arousing a storm of passion, the barriers overthrowing.

Sun, O stirrer of passion, creator of stormful actions;
Not only the skies belch forth their lightnings under thy fever,
Mankind, the enslaved, also up-reareth,
Bursting its bonds, O bursting asunder its bondage;
Mankind that is slaved to the bank and the ledger,
The miser that counts his wealth far out of thy sight
In the vault and the strong room,
The wage-slave that toils along the pauper's way,
And the women striving to blow up the fires of a dying love,
To preserve them a living.
Rouse up these to revolt, O sun, by the power of thy heat waves.

Burst ye the bonds of wagedom,
Burst ye the bonds, O people,
Stirred by the sun that burns,
O life-giving sun that burneth.

Why will ye chafer there by the market barrows,
Or show your wares behind glass when the sun is raging?

Faded and spoilt are the paltry wares ye are selling;
Abandon this tedious barter in which ye waste your lives.

E.S.P.

Mr. Massingham, the editor of the Liberal "Nation," now unburdens his mind in the Conservative "Spectator." He assures what he evidently imagines to be a nervous public that: "No Christians, or few Christians, dream of an instant literal application of the Sermon on the Mount" and that the Labour Party "is the child born in due time and none too early . . . of Trade Unionism, of Co-operation, of Liberalism. . . . Most of its leaders are practical politicians, breathing our native air of compromise and arrangement."

We know what Mr. Massingham says on those two points to be accurate; but the knowledge has not that satisfying effect on us which Mr. Massingham anticipates.

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Our View.

THE ADVOCATES OF A NEW SOCIAL ORDER cannot afford to substitute political intrigue for educational propaganda; only the politician who desires to secure office without making any social changes can safely do that. Yet, in the hope of taking a short cut and of securing an easy gain of supporters, certain political parties, which profess to desire fundamental social changes, are actually outdoing the frankly Conservative parties in intrigue and compromise.

Political Intrigue versus Propaganda

* * * *

THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF IRELAND (Parliamentary, Third International), in the recent Dail elections, adopted the most peculiar tactics of supporting all the Republican and all the Labour candidates. The C.P.I. explains, in its official organ, that it supported Labour and Republican candidates "in order to make possible a coalition of these forces against the Free State"; but since the Irish Labour Party supports the Free State and opposes the Rupublicans, there seems no prospect that the support, either of the Communist Party of Ireland or any other outside body, could produce a coalition of the Republicans and the Labour Party.

Irish Intriguing

The organ of the C.P.I. declares that the result of the elections proved its policy to be correct, because it showed that no single party was strong enough to defeat the Free State Government. It adds:

> "It is perfectly obvious that the greatest enemy of the workers is the capitalist Free State and its Government."

Quite so; but how could it profit the cause of Communism that a coalition of anti-Communist parties should be in power, instead of a single anti-Communist party?

The business of Irish Communists is to spread Communist ideas amongst the people; when they have done that the people will be ready to set up the Soviets. Until the people are Communist, the Communists will remain powerless to give practical advancement to their cause, which can only be retarded by political jugglery.

The C.P.I. argues that "whatever forces are available" must be "used" to defeat "the most reactionary forces."

An attempt is made to prove this, by an illustration from the present Irish dock strike. It appears that a few small shipping firms have agreed to pay the dockers the wages they are asking for, and these small firms are carrying on, whilst the British and Irish Steam Packet Company and the other larger firms have locked out the dockers. The C.P.I. organ declares that the dockers are thus "using" the small companies to defeat the larger ones. As a matter of fact the small companies are using the situation for their own ends, and some of the dockers are able, thereby, to retain employment, instead of being thrown out of work with the rest. Whether the shipping companies which have locked out the workers will give way to the workers' demands, because of the competition of the small companies, remains to be seen. If the employers' lock-out is broken in this way, the workers will have scored by it a fugitive success in the see-saw struggle for wage rates.

To describe this sort of thing as "Communist realism," and to pretend that such tactics are new, is the veriest nonsense. Every Trade Union official calculates on the possibility of such breaches in the employers' united front, when a strike is entered upon.

The Third Internationalists, and not least those of the C.P.I. branch of it, have slipped back into the old wilderness of opportunist reformism. We urge all genuine Communists to cease such fooling, and apply themselves to the hard spade work of Communist study and teaching.

* * * *

THE ALBERTA "LABOUR NEWS" is the official Trade Union organ of Alberta, Canada. On its cover is depicted an employer of Labour, in spats, shaking hands with a workman, stripped to the waist with a mallet in his hand. Under the two figures is this inscription:

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to Canadian Labour

> "The welfare of industry concerns alike employer and employee."

We can safely infer, therefore, that the Alberta "Labour News" does not aim at the destruction of the wage system.

The first article in this most conservative Labour organ is contributed by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who tells our Canadian brothers and sisters that since Mr. Baldwin became Prime Minister, there has been an "alteration" in British foreign policy, which is "much to the good."

Mr. MacDonald's thesis is that the British Government has been drifting and allowing itself to revolve in the orbit of other Powers. Before the war it was Russia, he says, that the British Government feared to offend, now it is France. He represents Britain as having been drawn helplessly into the last war by its Allies, saying:

> "In those nerveless pre-war days, when we were nothing more than liveried attendants in the camps of war plotters, those of us who stood in the House of Commons for a British policy, demanded that Great Britain as an ally should have an aim and purpose which it never forgot, which it had formed clearly in its own mind, and which it strove to embody in the Allied policy."

We do not consider that Mr. MacDonald's version of pre-war events is correct. Moreover, if the absence of a British policy is all of which Mr. MacDonald accuses the British Governments of the past, they must be acquitted of his charge: the Secret Treaties alone are enough to prove that they were serving the interests of British capitalist imperialism with great dexterity, not to say cupidity!

Mr. MacDonald further says:

> "The attitude which the Baldwin Cabinet has taken up to the Allies and to Germany needs but slight comment here. For months we have been urging such action as the best that could be done. . . .
>
> "A year or two of Mr. Bonar Law's policy of tranquillity and looking-on would have led to the establishment of a pure military domination in Europe by one Power which in the end was likely to have selected us as an enemy and, in any event, was certain to have reduced our influence for good to that of a second-rate Power. As before the war, so after the Armistice, we have striven to give our country a policy of its own which included the co-operation of nations with well-defined moral and political ends. Mr. Baldwin, faced with the military and economic consequences of our feebleness and blundering, has seen whither the country was drifting, and has begun an attempt to pull against the evil currents and to devise a British policy. Thus, after nearly twenty years of apparent failure, our Socialist doctrine as regards foreign policy is admitted by a Prime Minister to be right.
>
> "For, let us make no mistake as to the meaning of Mr. Baldwin's action. It is not only a practical reaction against the damage done to British interests by the occupation of the Ruhr; it is much more than that. It is an attempt to re-orientate European policy. . . . Our acquiescence and nervelessness have enabled the French Government to become the magnet round which the European nations gather, not always with good heart. . . ."

* * * *

IT IS STRANGE TO FIND MR. MACDONALD asserting that Mr. Baldwin has admitted Socialist doctrine in foreign policy to be right. The Socialism in Mr. MacDonald's foreign policy is not, however, apparent to us. The burden of his complaint is that the nations of Europe are revolving around France, instead of around Britain; and, being British, Mr. MacDonald would prefer that the nations should revolve round Britain. Mr. MacDonald is, of course, desirous that the nations should revolve for their good; but after perusing the Secret Treaties, and that excellent work of Mr. E. D. Morel, "Ten Years of Secret Diplomacy," to which MacDonald himself contributed a preface, we cannot share Mr. MacDonald's faith that the British magnet would be any more beneficial to the other nations than is the French. We are not able to believe, with Mr. MacDonald, in the complete altruism of British imperialist diplomacy.

Ambition or Socialism

Mr. MacDonald further says that France and Britain are "frankly arming against each other," but that "this is the time to stop it all.

Certainly; it cannot be stopped too soon; but how will Mr. MacDonald stop it for us?

His solution is that the British Government should call an International Conference on armaments.

Really, really, Mr. MacDonald; do you imagine our Canadian brothers will swallow that—so soon after the Washington Conference, too!

* * * *

THE NATIONAL UNION OF GENERAL WORKERS has a half-page advertisement in the "Manchester Guardian" Gas Trade Supplement showing a photograph of the Union banner, giving a puff to the Joint Industrial Council, and claiming that the Union

A New Way to Spend Trade Union Funds

> "has done something to establish good relations between the management and the men, and to foster a greater tendency to discipline and regularity of work than at one time was common."

This advertisement concludes:

> "In conveying this message to the heads of the gas industry we appeal for good conditions of service for the workmen and for the best relations between the management and a union which has worked not without success for the betterment of its members and the good of the industry."

This message is signed by Messrs. J. R. Clynes, M.P., A. Hayday, M.P., and Will Thorne, M.P.

Mr. Clynes was once a disciple of Keir Hardie, whilst Mr. Thorne was a pupil of Eleanor Marx. They have since sat at the feet of other teachers who tell them that strikes must be replaced by conciliation, and the struggle for Socialism by the creation of good relations between employers and employed. Therefore, since they find strike funds no longer useful, they can spare funds for appealing for the esteem of the employers by means of highly-paid advertisements in the employers' trade papers.

* * * *

MR. MUSSOLINI continues his terrorising of Italy's smaller neighbours, despite the League of Nations, the Ambassadors' Council, British protests and French mediation—if mediation it is or was. The Italians in command of their much-abused country are offering themselves up to auction, prepared to become the ally, for the time being, of the highest bidder. That some millions of ordinary

Fascism Still Aggressive

people should suffer through these manœuvres is of no consequence to the ambitious intriguers who pull the strings of government.

* * *

SIR PHILIP GIBB, in the "Sunday Times," draws a terrible picture of German hardship. He adds his voice to those of the many alarmists who declare that if the present system should break down in Germany, if the classes that are accustomed to rule should cease to rule there, if the commercial and financial system should be destroyed, chaos must reign and the only possibility for the people would be a return to barbarism.

German Alarm Signals

We lend no ear to such counsels of despair. To us the alternative to the present system is not back to barbarism: but on to Communism.

* * *

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN, that respected organ of British Liberalism, aptly says of the Ku Klux Klan:

"The mummery with which it is surrounded, its Imperial Wizard, its annual Klanvokation, its dressing up, and its schoolboy oaths, appear almost unbelievably childish."

Ku Klux Klan

True, O sapient leader writer, but from the lips of us, the traditionless, the untrammelled, issues, in all mockery, the question: "Are you a Mason?" O scribe of Liberalism, and your fellow editors, and the proprietors, and the solid advertising supporters of your organ; are you Free Masons? If so, you cannot reasonably cast a stone at the Ku Klux Klan for all the folly of its trappings and its mummery. These are only ridiculous to you because they have not been handed down from the dark and unenlightened past. Were they but the product of the dark ages, and sanctioned by your prosperous advertisers, you would lack the courage to raise your voices against them.

As to the method of the Ku Klux Klan, you condemn it with reason. You say:

"The method by which it seeks to impose its will will put it quite beyond the pale of toleration in a civilised State."

Only because the Ku Klux Klan is but seeking to impose its will: only because it has not seized the power of State, do words thus drastic appear in the "Manchester Guardian," which poses as a great source of just and wise enlightenment. The "Manchester Guardian" has not thus denounced the parallel excesses and the identical method of the Italian Fascisti. Only in very half-hearted style has the "Manchester Guardian" even deprecated their outrageous doings, and more than once it has expressed a tempered approval of the existence of their rule.

Nor has the "Manchester Guardian" raised its voice in a proper denunciation of the reactionary revolution in Spain.

COMMUNIST LIFE.

M. Antonio writes, regarding the Communist Life Bulletin from A. Hodson, 36, St. Peter's Hill, Grantham, recently published in the "Workers' Dreadnought":

"I think such Communist organisations are the greatest of all, because they show people what Communism actually is. When one thinks of such a life, one draws a deep breath. Just imagine seeing the world a place where all are equal and all are free to speak and act according to their own convictions, all enjoying free thought and the right kind of education, so that they could think logically and scientifically, for their own well-being and the well-being of all, no longer having to exert their energies in thinking how to out-do their fellow men, and to grab what they can to-day in fear of starving to-morrow. That is what everyone seems to be doing at present. Let us hope that the world will soon wake up and see the cause of all these miseries.

"The One Big Union seems to me an ideal thing too. Surely all workers should have one union instead of thousands.

"There are plenty of Labour Party politicians here. They are pretty busy before the elections and have plenty to say about the wonders they will do when they get into the House. It would take a gipsy fortune-teller to say whether they will do any good in there."

Spanish Reaction

Alfonso's Part.

First Mussolini, assisted by the King of Italy, established a reactionary dictatorship in Italy: now General Primo de Rivera (or Marquis of Estella, as he is also called) and his Generals, assisted by the King of Spain, have done the same thing in Spain. The murmurs that Alfonso was a prime mover in the conspiracy are louder than they were in the case of his Italian brother. In both cases the Government in office desired to take steps to suppress the reactionary rising: in both cases the King refused to sanction such steps: in both cases the Government therefore resigned: and in both cases the King thereupon sent for the leader of the Rebellion and called upon him to form a Government. The Spanish King has gone a trifle further than the Italian: he has abruptly dissolved the Parliament and established a "Directory," instead of leaving the Parliament to be terrorised by Fascist armed mercenaries as was done in Italy.

In the local administration also the decrees of King and Directory are to remove all officials of whom the reaction desires to be rid; but should there be any refusal to act as officials and employees a decree is to be issued declaring the acceptance of public service obligatory and establishing punishment for those who dare to refuse it. The long reign of terror by which all but reactionaries were driven from office in Italy will thus be obviated in Spain.

Here is the King's decree establishing the Directory and scrapping the Spanish Constitution:

1. Upon Lieut.-General Don Miguel Primo de Rivera is conferred the Presidency of a Directory, which is charged with the government of the State, with power to initiate all such decrees as public interests demand, these decrees to have authority pending the time when they shall be modified by laws which are approved by Parliament and sanctioned by the King.

2. In addition to the President this Directory will consist of generals of brigade, each representing a military command, and one admiral.

3. Obligation will rest upon the President to submit for Royal signature all resolutions emanating from Ministers.

4. The office of President of the Council of Ministers and subordinate offices are abrogated with the exception of the Ministries of War and the Marine, the salaries appertaining to all these offices to be left to the credit of the Treasury.

5. The new Ministers will have the guidance of the most highly-paid permanent officials in the different departments.

Several thrones have gone crashing of late; several Royal heads have lost their crowns; the few Kings that remain are evidently determined to make a fight to retain their positions, and to replace constitutionalism by the deepest reaction, as soon as constitutionalism shows any tendency towards that weakening, which will enable newer forms of social organisation to thrust aside the decaying bourgeois Parliamentarism.

Those Labourists who put Mr. George Lansbury up to secure the defeat of a Republican resolution at the last Labour Party Conference, believing that kings and thrones are of no importance, made a grievous mistake. What will Mr. J. H. Thomas and the other Labour Privy Councillors answer if the question, royalty or democracy, is ever put to them in a compelling, immediate form?

Where are the Passivists?

On the morrow of the Spanish reactionary coup the voices were silent that so loudly protested against violence and the disregard of democracy when the Russian people threw off the yoke of the capitalist politician. The Tory press approved the Spanish coup, its organs declaring that this violent deed would mean the salvation of Spain. The "Manchester Guardian," the beacon of Liberalism, was reserved, but a trifle glum. The Labour Leaders uttered no pronouncements, whilst the "Daily Herald" said that the Generals had seized power because of the "disgraceful" mismanagement of the Spanish campaign in Morocco. It added: "Whether the Spanish people will fare any better under the Generals is doubtful. But they could hardly fare any worse."

The "Daily Herald."

The "Daily Herald" is always blind to the true aspect of these upheavals. Of course the workers will fare worse under the new military dictatorship. The dictatorship has mainly been created to suppress them—as is admitted by the Capitalist Press.

Generals Rose to Suppress the Workers.

The end of the great strike in Barcelona we do not know. We published an account of that remarkable event and the great power wielded by the workers in a recent issue of the "Workers' Dreadnought." There has also been a great strike in Bilbao. The further development of the situation is not known to us: the censorship no doubt holds up news: even the "Daily Telegraph" admits lack of information as to the end of the general strike. Most probably there has been a massacre of the revolting workers. It is reported by the Capitalist press that "prominent Reds" have fled the country. If that is so, some of them may come here bearing news.

A "Manchester Guardian" special correspondent says:

> "Barcelona has been for long years the theatre of a savage feud between the syndicalists and the possessing classes. There are two methods of dealing with syndicalists, which are alternately applied—the method of violence and the method of persuasion. General Primo de Rivera, alias Marquis de Estella, Military Governor of Barcelona, is a young aristocrat with few brains but much energy. He has fervently embraced the doctrine of the repressionists, and is consequently the darling of the possessing classes. His civilian colleague, Senor Barber, is the protagonist of the opposite view. What General de Rivera has effected is the junction of the anti-Barber agitation among the wealthy classes of Barcelona with the anti-Alba agitation among the militarists. Catalan particularism, which he seems to have enlisted as an ally, is a quantity whose force cannot be measured."

Suppression of "Red" Papers.

At Barcelona the military authorities have stopped the publication of "Solidaridad," the Syndicalist organ; "La Protesta," the organ of the Free Trade Unions; "El Diluvio," an old Republican paper; "El Progreso," a Radical Republican paper; and two Socialist papers.

As to the Morocco war, the mismanagement of which is alleged as a reason for the military coup, the insurgent generals have had their share in that, and now that they have seized the power, they have prohibited discussion of the Morocco campaign.

That campaign is, of course, merely another attempt further to crush and subjugate the natives of Morocco.

Gibraltar.

In several press reports it was stated that the new Spanish dictator is prepared to abandon Morocco if the people wish it, provided Spain regains Gibraltar. This, of course, would mean taking Gibraltar from Britain. Perhaps the statement was issued as a warning to Britain to show complacency towards the new Spanish Directory, or to assist Spain against France, which is supposed to be intriguing against Spain in Morocco. Perhaps the statement was merely talk to please certain Spanish elements. The cordiality of the British Government towards the Mussolini coup was enough to show that the British Government would welcome a similar reactionary outbreak elsewhere.

There have long been rumours of a possible revolution in Spain. Racial independence makes large sections of the population take unkindly to the Madrid Government. The industrial movement of Barcelona and district is strong and revolutionary.

In Italy the industrial capitalists created Fascism to protect their vested interests, when the

growing workers' movement threatened to dispossess them. In Spain reaction has overthrown constitutional government from the same motive—self-preservation.

It is important to observe that the Bishop of Barcelona publicly gave his blessing to the leader of the Spanish insurgent generals before he set off to meet the King. In Italy, too, the Church has supported the Fascisti.

The Spanish Liberals have declared, through their principal organ, that no difficulties must be placed in the way of the new reactionary revolutionaries, and Mr. Lerroux, the so-called Republican leader, has even offered to co-operate with the new regime—all this indicates that the struggle going on in Spain is not between the military and the politicians, but between the military and some other forces, which are striving to overthrow the forces which have been the predominant ones in Spain.

Impatience of the Politicians.

It is pretended by the apologists of the Fascisti and the Spanish reaction that the reactionary revolutions have been promoted by disgust for the vacillations, delays and weaknesses of politicians and of Parliamentary government; but the men who in Italy and Spain have seized power by force are also politicians, using force of arms to enforce their dictates. The Italian and Spanish dictators do not use Parliamentary methods because they have taken the power to destroy their opponents.

It is true that Parliaments are mainly talking shops. It is inevitable that it should be so: Parliaments are formed of representatives of rival interests; people who are appointed for the purpose of carrying on party warfare, and who are, most of them, professional politicians.

The main business of the community—the supply of the needs of humanity in food, clothes, housing, and so on, is not the work of Parliament, but of private individuals, who are supplying the public need purely in order to make profit. When serious friction arises between those who exploit the public needs for their profit and those whom they employ, as serious friction inevitably arises from time to time, since the interests of employers and employed are opposed, Parliamentary Governments are asked to intervene. It is inevitable that the action of Governments in such cases should be considered at best inadequate by all parties concerned.

The modern impatience of Parliamentary government is inevitable, for, as the struggle of Capital and Labour grows more acute, the Parliamentary method, the slow movement of the cumbrous government machine, and the politicians' care to conciliate various sections of opinion, seem out of place in any sort of warfare or acute struggle.

The remedy, however, is not a relapse into autocracy, but the liquidation of class society; the creation of a social order in which complete freedom for all is possible because the interests of all are the same.

Only a society based on production for use and mutual aid can secure that general unity of interest which is the pre-requisite of real freedom.

IMPORTANT!

We urgently suggest that comrades should endeavour to secure new subscribers to the "Workers' Dreadnought" and that they should collect at meetings and from their friends whatever is possible. However small the sum you can collect, it will be welcomed. Send it in stamps or postal orders. The "Dreadnought" is not self-supporting: the editing and managing is unpaid.

"HERALD" FINANCE.

The "Yorkshire Post" gives an interesting account of "Daily Herald" finance. One fact that seems to us very curious is that on July 26th, 1922, 146,950 preference shares of 2s. each were created, bearing the interest at 5o per cent. payable out of profits. Of course there were no profits, but how extraordinary to offer 5o per cent. interest as an inducement to take shares in a propaganda paper!

The story of the various financial operations is so much involved that it makes one giddy.

The Congress Holiday

By TOM ANDERSON.
(Proletarian Schools.)

The fifty-fith annual Trades Union Congress has finished its annual holiday—at Plymouth, this year—one glorious week with all expenses paid. Fully seven hundred sons of labour lined up to the tradition of the past.

They played bowls, and the "Daily Herald" gave a photo of the players, and so did the picture press. They had a day's outing, a good jolly day's outing with no Socialism or Communism, and not even Labour politics. The Lord Mayor received them, and praised them, *and they in turn did likewise.* The Chairman made a speech, and said: "We may waken up some day." Yes, some day. But not to-day. No, no, not until trade comes back. It will come—of that no one doubts. Great applause. Comrade Williams is only a musician; so he can be excused for not knowing anything about Socialism or the Capital Levy, or the Unemployed, or even the political faith of the many M.P.'s who were down at the Congress.

Mr. Short, M.P., on behalf of "Reynolds Weekly," the trade union paper of the "Henrys" of thirty years ago, wrote notes of the Congress. He said the Congress was not up to former years.

James Sexton, M.P., an ex-Socialist, and now a moderate Christian Labour man, says: "It was not a Congress; it was a laundry."

Another of the leading lights says: "It was poor, very poor. None of the intellectuals spoke."

Poor Jimmy! I thought you were considered an intellectual! The "free" press has given you such a good show that I thought you were a top-notcher.

Comrade Shinwell, M.P., wiped the floor with Havelock. Shame on you, Emmanuel; and you an M.P. His union is just as good as yours, and he has as much right to pinch your members as you have to pinch his. By the way, the N.U.R. wants to pinch members of the A.E.U., but the A.E.U. is not having it, and quite right too. How are the officials to live if you put them all into one union? They could not, nor they would not, and so far as they are concerned there will be no one union until the I.L.P. has converted the Labour Party to Socialism, and that will be one million years from next Congress. So you see the time is distant. Industrial unionism is a beautiful dream—one of "Henry's" dreams; but "Henry," they say, does not want it just yet; he will wait until the leaders bring it a million years from now.

They spoke about the unemployed, that was all. What do you want? Would you have them do something?

They spoke about housing, and Comrade Hicks wants the boss to build houses. I did not think Comrade Hicks was so stupid. However, they carried the resolution unanimously.

They spoke about organising the foremen and the salaried manumitted wage-slaves. Comrade Cook said some nasty things. He said: "The foreman was the boss's spy." Shame on you, Comrade Cook. You had no right to say that. The craftsmen of the country respect their foreman; it is from him they get their job; if it were not for the foreman there would be no trade unions, because the foremen give first preference to trade unionists, and if you are going to speak in that way about him, he might go in for "free labour."

They also spoke about a "back to the unions" campaign, and many said it was a "fizzle." Some said it was "poaching." Others again said they had nothing to "speak about," and the leading lights replied, "We will draft a programme for our next attempt, and all will be well."

Of course they spoke about the Ruhr, and Italy, and France, and Germany, and Greece; they might have mentioned Ireland! They said a little about Russia. And the American delegate told them all about the "Land of Liberty."

They voted the "Daily Herald" £12,5oo, or extended its life till Christmas, and after that every one of the seven hundred delegates bought the "free" press to see who were the shining lights in the eyes of their masters. These are the men who are supposed to lead Labour. I am afraid, Comrade Lansbury, these men are traitors; they will let you down. You may blame me for having said hard things about you, but you never found me with the bosses' paper in my pocket; I would consider it degrading. The "Daily Herald" does not come the way I want, but, being an intelligent human, duty compels me to take no other. I ask your Seven Hundred: "What do they do?" But then, I forgot, the Congress is only the annual holiday.

British Imperialists & Cologne

A curious report is being circulated by the American Press that the British Government is endeavouring to make Cologne a permanent British possession:

"One of the most interesting offerings of the week is a dispatch forwarded from Berlin by Mr. Lincoln Eyre, a special correspondent of the New York "Herald." According to Mr. Eyre, the British Government has signified its willingness to support the Rhineland separatists if they in their turn will sign over the city of Cologne to British control in perpetuity. The source of the report is not disclosed, and at first glance one is disposed to think that its value is about on a par with that of the German mark. We have recently been led to believe that it is the policy of the British Government to play close to the Government at Berlin, and to strengthen Germany against French aggression; and certainly the encouragement of the separatist movement will not fortify German resistance or make for Anglo-German friendship.

"However, Mr. Eyre says specifically that the representatives of Downing Street have not denied the report that they have been engaged in negotiations of one sort or another with the separatists. These proceedings, of course, constitute a flagrant violation of international law, and the report of them will be enough to cool the ardour and dampen the expectations of official Germany. It is hardly to be expected that the British would allow such a report to circulate, unrepudiated, unless they had already seen their way clear to profit by the separatist movement. With the special information that it has at its command, the British Government may have concluded that the success of the movement is inevitable. If such were the belief at London, the Government would naturally hope to see the new State established under British auspices, and thus converted into a counterweight for Belgium. The city of Cologne, and the Rhine Republic generally, might be made to serve the old need for a bridge-head on the Continent, and the hoped-for check upon French expansion might still be realised in this new and unexpected quarter."

—The New York "Freeman."

Perhaps the American correspondent has got hold of the wrong end of the stick. Nevertheless, in spite of the Labour Party's great faith in Mr. Baldwin, and the complaints of certain Liberal Imperialists that the British Empire is being outdone by France, we are quite sure that the British Government and Foreign Office permanent officials are as active as ever in the old Imperialist game of "Beggar My Neighbour."

When that game leads to war the sanctimonious ones who support the game to-day will fall to sermonising about brotherly love.

ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE VICTIM.

Upwards of £15 is owing to the "Dreadnought" bookshop for literature supplied to Tokyo booksellers. We fear that the money and the literature are lost in the earthquake. Our home customers are therefore requested to assist in making good the loss by prompt payments, increased orders, and generous donations.

An Effort that Needs Supporting

Last March a comrade tramped to Walsall, Coventry, Birmingham, Stafford, Stoke, Sheffield, Gorton, Manchester, Blackburn, Leeds, York, Hull, Derby, Doncaster and other places. In each of these places he persuaded comrades to sell the "Workers' Dreadnought." In several cases the sales have not been maintained; yet experience shows that the paper sells well if comrades will make the necessary effort.

We will gladly supply all necessary information and advice to comrades who will come forward to sell the paper.

If you believe the "Dreadnought" worthy of your support, we ask you to assist us in furthering its sales. Thereby you will relieve us of much anxiety and strain.

If you will undertake this, you will find, when you have worked up your round of subscribers, that it will be a real pleasure to you to supply their wants. You will have no apologies to make for the "Dreadnought" on the score of compromise or opportunism.

Unemployed Workers Organisation.

The U.W.O., Edmonton Branch, have met with opposition locally from some ex-members. Poplar, Bow, Bromley and Millwall are doing excellent work for the working-class movement by propaganda, and the reason why we are succeeding as we are, is because we are propagating the class struggle. While the U.W.O. of Edmonton is endeavouring publicly to propagate the doctrine, they are followed about by men of the N.U.W.C.M. who, instead of pointing out the position to the worker, are engaged and only concerned with attacking individuals. All this talk of N.U.W.C.M.'s and U.W.O.'s is very confusing to the average looker-on, and instead of the public gaining a little from our organised efforts they are only being confused. If the N.U.W.C.M. of Edmonton are still going to hold meetings, I would advise them to get on with the business of teaching revolution, not confusion. Poplar, Bow and Bromley, and Millwall are in a strong position both financially and numerically, and I must repeat that the success can only be attributed to the fact that we are not attacking individuals, but getting on with the business.

The debate between Comrade Soderburg and Comrade Hannington is fixed for Friday, 21st September, and I am sure it will be a very interesting affair. I sincerely hope that the debate will be the last of this conflict with personalities, and that the N.U.W.C.M. will then "mind its own business" (as we were asked to do). This will be beneficial to all parties concerned.

Many outdoor meetings have been held during the past week, in the Borough of Poplar, by the various branches of the U.W.O., and judging by the large gatherings we are responsible for creating some lively interest in the greatest problem confronting society to-day: the unemployed.

The Area Secretary reports that he is still receiving correspondence from numerous interested comrades up and down the country; these have all been answered.

All communications should be addressed to: Area Secretary, U.W.O., Town Hall, Poplar, E.14.

J. T. BELLAMY,
Area Secretary.

"DREADNOUGHT" £1,000 FUND.

Brought forward, £72 11s. Irene Smith, 1s. (weekly); per A. Hodson, 11s. 4½d.; collections: Osborn Street, 5s. 3d.; Brockwell Park, 5s. 3½d.. Bow U.W.O., 10s. 1d. Total for week, £1 12s. 11½d. Total, £74 3s. 11½d.

"The advocates of indissoluble monogomy might perhaps accomplish something worth while if they would put more emphasis on congeniality as a prerequisite to marriage, and leave off trying to enforce the maintenance of uncongenial relations once established."—The New York "Freeman."

Karl Liebknecht's Letters.

Luckau, May 11th, 1918.
(533rd day; 907 days to pass.)

Dearest,

I am writing with a pencil on a sheet of blotting paper. Forgive me. First of all, let us settle Bob's affair. I entirely agree with you, although you call him a little "bourgeois"; but I have come to a different conclusion, which I humbly wish to explain to you without prejudicing your opinion. You must decide! The children just now find themselves in exceptional circumstances, and just as they are going to school, too. Everything, lessons, holidays, all the everyday events of school life, are now nothing but a continual round of irritations and humiliations, as I have gathered from their letters, which, I believe, are a long way from telling all the truth. I, too, in my youth, suffered no end of trials, for political reasons, both in school and elsewhere, and I bore them proudly and disdainfully and not without a certain pity for the others, and my character was both strengthened and elevated by them.

I don't want to pamper my children; a few honourable scars will only make them bolder later on. But what they have to face now-a-days in the school are not the good square fights that do one good, but passive suffering, mute resignation that enervates, and worse still of hateful daily compromises.

You remember what happened to Bob over saluting the Kaiser. Bob was quite right, before God and before all honest people, as, in refusing to render the salute, he only acted on an impulse of honour and boyish uprightness, which prevented him from taking part in an act repugnant to his thoughts and feelings.

Even Dr. Prenzel admitted that, and nevertheless he received his ultimatum: either do as others do for the future, without respect to personal convictions, or leave the school. So the state of compromise was initiated from which the poor children are suffering so much now during the war. A continued and forced lack of sincerity, profoundly immoral—you know very well how I think about it. They must adapt themselves if they do not wish their young lives to be spoilt. If they should be exiled, there is no road open to them abroad. In short, if these demoralising experiences can be shortened for them, it must be done, I think. It is quite enough to have to force necessary compromises on them; there are always more than enough.

I will say nothing about study. If that were in question, I should be inflexible.

Don't say that these humiliations are not spared to anyone nowadays, not even to yourself. I know that, but the cases are different: and we must let both the boys, Bob too, have what relief they can. They are in an exceptional position with regard to the school. If they are freed from that, they are placed in the position of so many of their school-fellows, who sail with the wind. That is my opinion.

Of course the principal thing is to get a leaving certificate if possible; and to see that the use made of the certificate is not worse than the evil we wish to remedy. The purpose of the school must not be jeopardised. I don't doubt that Bob will study well, even without the school. Obviously he must not play the vagabond. He needs discipline even more than Helmi.

I have been for some time in the cardboard works. The precious time of idleness did not last long. For the time I am again an apprentice. We have to complete 1,000 articles a day. I try to keep myself amused, and egg myself on; counting one, two, three, and so on, for each box. The work is easy and comparatively pleasant. I have very little time now for study. From six in the morning till a quarter to eight in the evening, I get only a couple of quarters of an hour, besides the time for breakfast and dinner, in which time we must get our meal and put our rooms in order. But the evenings are getting longer, and I shall do as much as I can. My thirst is such I could drink the sea dry.

Yes, my child, "peace in the East" has been concluded at last. You are surprised that even the word "peace" should have changed its meaning. Really, we are beginning to need a new language. So you didn't know till now that you were Ukrainian. You have it fixed in your mind now. But don't be upset about it, dearest; these are accidents, episodes, card-castles, insects of a single day. You know what else I would like to say, but cannot say. You, the most anti-political person on earth, have understood the significance of the Russian delegation, better than the politicians you tell me about. Greet Joffe and the others for me.

For mercy's sake, don't make complaints or remarks on my account, to them or anyone else. My present position is quite natural under the circumstances, and of very little consequence. So I take it, and so do you, and so do my children, and nobody else matters.

What does the Red Flag matter? Or the amnesties of Karl Marx? All child's play!

It only matters that the policy of those people should be just.

Of personal honours and outward shows I cannot bear to hear at the present moment. Willingly would I be out of this and in the fighting line, and at the same time, I would remain here, and act outside and create what my soul desires. If my strength were equal to my will!

But enough of this. This beautiful bright weather! It would melt a heart of stone! Oh! to be out in the open air! But we must harden ourselves against troubles. If every little draught of air should eternally give us cold, and every little cold keep us shivering indoors, man would be no greater than a frog. It is getting dark. Goodbye, my darling, whom I would draw to me with the thousand cords of my desire. I kiss your hands, your eyes, your mouth. Don't forget me. Your KARL.

P.S.—This for Plemfert, the sketch of Diesterwegs, by Benn. Notwithstanding the abstruseness of the style, it has made a great impression on me. The work is profoundly impressionist. Existence and events taken exclusively and unconditionally as they are reflected in the mind of Diesterwegs himself; in the shadow which they throw in the depths of his soul, to quote Plato's great image. It reminds me of the "Dissolution of the World" of Hansum, in its feeling and tone, and it is like him also in the power of portraiture. Unfortunately I have not received Bakunin's book. Thank Pfemfert, and greet both.

Don't neglect to go and hear Wullner's "Manfred," in spite of the smell of stables, as it is to be given in the circus. He is very powerful, and his mind is the more like Manfred's in that, in consequence of similar circumstances, he too seeks oblivion. It is nonsense to consider Manfred as an amalgamation of Faust and Hamlet.

This work is the most personal, the most individual of all the works of Byron, a profession of pure faith, almost too individual, a dramatic presentation of the state of mind in which he found himself as a consequence of his relations with his sister. But to such grandeur does it rise, and, in its conclusion, to such universality, that it is difficult to find another human document so fascinating. You will be struck, too, by Schumann's music, and, I think, so will Helmi. . . . .

Education

Rabindranath Tagore, a great Indian writer, observes, fellow worker, that the purpose of modern education has been to turn mankind into power: that is to say, to make men and women merely something to work a machine.

It is true of the workers' education, certainly: the ruling classes have regarded the foreman in the factory as of infinitely greater importance than the teacher. Up to the war, at least, they paid the teacher less than they paid the foreman, and they gave the teacher a meaner equipment for his work.

All the latest appliances have been bought for the factory: whilst the school of the people has been the despair of the serious educationist.

Modern educationalists are telling us that it would be better to begin our schooling at fourteen than to leave off there; but although our boys and girls cannot get work when the school turns them adrift, the prospect of keeping the mass of our children at school till adult age is something society does not even contemplate at present.

Our lives are sacrificed to production; yet we do not even produce enough to keep our population in comfort; because private profit and not general comfort is the aim of our production.

Even the so-called upper classes put the acquisition of wealth before the cultivation of the mind. The intellectuals of the "upper" classes are constantly deploring the lack of culture amongst the people of their rank.

The worker has been given so little education, however, that he often fails to discern the ignorance of his masters.

That is why the Right Hon. George N. Barnes, who has just written a book about himself, "From Workshop to War Cabinet," though he was informed that Mr. Lloyd George is an ignorant man who does not take the trouble to read, nevertheless believed that Mr. Lloyd George "has an uncanny power of intuition by which he knows without reading."

When Mr. Lloyd George made an emphatic statement, Mr. Barnes was unable to check that statement by comparing it with facts. Therefore he believed many gross absurdities.

Because Mr. Barnes was conscious of a lack of knowledge, he also accepted many indignities. Though a member of the War Cabinet, he took the responsibility of signing the Treaty of Versailles, although, as he says:

> "It had never been discussed by the British delegation when circulated for submission by the Germans."

Mr. Barnes, although called Right Honourable, was an outsider at the Peace Conference. He accepted the decisions of other people, because he felt himself an ignorant novice amongst those who knew better.

Knowledge is power, fellow worker; therefore equip yourself with knowledge and give knowledge to your children.

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